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Weissport Business Directory.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
EAST WEISSPORT, PENN'A.
This house offers first-class accommodations to the permanent boarder and transient guest. Panis prices, only One Dollar per day.
may7-ly JOHN REHRIG, Proprietor.

Oscar Christman,
—WEISSPORT, PA.—
Livery and Exchange Stables.
Easy riding carriages and safe driving horses. Best accommodations to agents and travellers. Mail and telegraph orders promptly attended to. Give me a trial. may23-ly

The - Weissport - Bakery,
C. W. LAURY, PROPRIETOR.
Delivers Fresh Bread and Cakes in Weissport, Lehighton and vicinities every day.
In the store I have a Fine Line of Confectionery for the Holiday Trade. Sunday schools and festivals supplied at lowest prices. dec3-6m.

Headquarter for CARRIAGES!
HENRY CHRISTMAN
—AT THE—
Fort Allen House, Weissport,
Sells the Popular and Celebrated
Burlington O and O York
SINGLE AND DOUBLE CARRIAGES
At prices that are considerably less than competition. I have all styles and qualities which I wish you would not fail to inspect before making purchases. may11-3m

FOR FRESH
OYSTERS AND FISH!
GO TO
O. J. Seager's
East Weissport, Pa.
Stock is always Fresh. It will pay hucksters and other dealers to leave their orders with us and save freight. Pricer the very lowest. Give us a call.

Dead Men Tell No Tales
WE'RE ALIVE,
Our Story's Short.
We have'nt got the BIGGEST STOCK of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Notions, Boots and hoes, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., &c., &c.,
In the Lehigh Valley, but we have an Elegant Assortment just the same, and the prices are marked way down below the great majority of our competitors, and that's what suits you because QUALITY is the BEST and the PRICES are always JUST RIGHT. Our stock is entirely New, Fresh, Clean, Complete and Handsome, so we take pleasure in asking the people of Weissport and the surrounding community to call and inspect our assortment of general store goods. Respectively,
A. W. MARSH,
Post-Office. Weissport, Pa

Over Canal Bridge E. Weissport.
Joseph F. Rex,
UNDERTAKER
AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
PARLOR SUITES,
BED ROOM SUITES,
&c. &c. Prices the very lowest. Quality of goods the best. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.
Caskets, Coffins and Shrouds,
We have a full line which we will furnish at the lowest possible prices.
Flour, Feed, &c.,
The choicest quality at very reasonable prices. Call and be convinced.
JOSEPH F. REX,
April4-ly EAST WEISSPORT.

AL. CAMPBELL,
Jeweler and Watchmaker,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Penna.
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the citizens generally to his immense —new stock of—
Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewely,
at Prices that defy competition. It will pay you to call and inspect my stock before purchasing elsewhere.
REPAIRING
Promptly done at lowest charge, and all work guaranteed.
Don't Forget the Place.
Al. Campbell,
SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH,
Bank St Lehighton.
Dec 19 1887.

D. J. KISTLER
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, and that he is now prepared to furnish Teams for Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips on the shortest notice and most liberal terms. Orders left at the Carlisle House will receive prompt attention.
STABLES ON NORTH STREET,
near the Hotel, Lehighton. Jan22ly.

All the freshest county news in this paper. Read it.

CONSUMPTION;

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Edison, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. H. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Professional & Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
First door above the Mansion House,
MAUCH CHUNK, - - - - PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate, Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. nov. 22-yl

W. G. M. Seiple,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - - - LEHIGHTON.
May be consulted in English and German.—Special attention given to Gynecology.
OFFICE HOURS; From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M mar. 31-yl

DR. G. T. FOX,
172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.
AT EASTON, SWAN HOTEL, TUESDAYS.
AT ALLENTOWN, EAGLE HOTEL, THURSDAY
AT BANGOR, BROADWAY HOUSE, MONDAYS.
AT BANGOR, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Office Hours—From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Practice limited to diseases of the
Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat
Also, Refraction of the Eyes for the adjustment of glasses.

Dr. H. B. REINOHL,
Graduate of Phila. Dental College.
DENTISTRY!
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Perservation of the Teeth a Specialty.
OFFICE HOURS: From 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
OAK HALL, Market Square, Mauch Chunk.
BRANCH OFFICE:
EAST - MAUCH - CHUNK,
Two Doors North of Post-Office.
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April26-3m

A. S. Fabenold, D. D. S.

MAIN OFFICE:—Over J. W. Bauidenbush' Liquor Store,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON,
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth Extracted without Pain. Gas administered when requested.
Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week.
P. O. address, ALLENTOWN, Lehigh county, Pa.
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F. I. SMITH, D. D. S.,
Office opposite the Opera House,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Filling and making artificial dentures a specialty. Local anesthetics used.
Gas administered and Teeth Extracted WITHOUT PAIN.
OFFICE HOURS:—From 8 a. m., to 12 m., from 1 p. m., to 5 p. m., from 7 p. m., to 8 p. m.
Consultations in English or German.
Office Hours at Hazleton—Every Saturday.
Oct 15-87—ly

DENTISTRY.
Dr. J. A. Mayer & Son.
Dr. GEORGE H. MAYER,
a Graduate from the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania,
has opened an office in the same building with his father, second floor to the Bay Window,
59 BROADWAY, MAUCH CHUNK, PA.,
and is now prepared to receive every one in need of first-class dental service. June 8-89-ly

MANSION HOUSE
Opposite L. & S. Depot,
BANK STREET, - - LEHIGHTON,
C. H. HOM, PROPRIETOR.
This house offers first-class accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its departments, and is located in one of the most picturesque portions of the borough. Terms moderate. The BAR is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager on Tap. apr 17-yl

FRANK P. DIEHL,
—NORTH STREET,—
Practical Blacksmith & Horseshoer
is prepared to do all work in his line in the best manner and at the lowest prices. Please call. nov26-86-ly.

PACKERTON HOTEL,
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton,
E. H. C. HOM, Proprietor,
PACKERTON, - - - PENNA.
This well-known Hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent Tables and the very best Liquors. Stables attached. ian3-yl

SHOEMAKER'S
Horse and Cattle Rowder.
Joshua Shoemaker, Proprietor
CHERRYVILLE, P. O., Northampton co.,
DIRECTIONS—For a horse, 1 tablespoonful, two or three times a week; when sick, 2 tablespoonful a day. For a Cow, 1 tablespoonful twice a week; when sick, twice a day. The same for Hogs. For Poultry mix with feed.
Our powder is prepared after the receipt of the late Dr. H. G. Wilson, and is the genuine article. Owners of above named animals should flatter us.

THE LAVA FLOW.

It found a valley young and fair
And virgin of regret;
That laughed away the amorous air,
Nor dreamed of love as yet.

It left a valley wan and old
And outcast of desire,
When through her maiden heart had rolled
Its passion flood of fire.

Her springs are dry; and dry between
Is all her flowery pass,
Save one wee strip of faithful green—
The friendship of the grass.

And black across her beauty's wreck—
Poor wreck, that may not die!—
Lies dead the flame she could not check,
Nor can revivify.

So, wan and written in despair,
So, frozen black in stone,
They lie—the awful semblance there
Of lives that I have known.
—Charles F. Lummis in Frank Leslie's.

A Startling Prophecy.

Nothing in the future appears more probable than that within the lifetime of persons now living the industrial supremacy of Great Britain will pass away with the exhaustion of her coal fields. Switzerland, Italy and the Scandinavian peninsula are destined to become the great manufacturing districts of Europe. This extraordinary industrial revolution will be brought about by the transmission and distribution by electrical means of the inexhaustible and permanent water power in those countries. More than a year ago in Switzerland a woolen manufactory with 36,000 spindles, with the usual complement of auxiliary machinery, was operated wholly by electric power conveyed from a distant stream, deriving its never failing supply of water from the melting of Alpine snows. In the new era the Swiss republic may not improbably become the foremost industrial nation of Europe.—Electrical Engineer.

Condition of Hayti.

The country is naturally rich, but not rich enough to support the hordes of shameless, self seeking politicians anxious for their own enrichment. The cause for their appearance in such numbers is easily explained. The many revolutions, with their concomitant murders, pillages and conflagrations, have destroyed industry and labor, and have closed all the avenues to the attainment of a competence by honorable pursuits. Of what use is it to the peasant to plant cane or to cultivate coffee when at any moment the general of the arrondissement may force him to abandon his crops to bear arms in support of some one who, in the set terms of the usual proclamation, has "raised the standard of revolution against the most odious of tyrants?"—Cor. New York Post.

How Stanley Punished a Traitor.

One anecdote told by Mr. Stevens of the way in which Stanley disposed of the Egyptian officer who was convicted of having plotted to hand the expedition over to the Mahdi, is worth repeating. Stanley, who was suffering with acute gastritis, had himself carried in a chair outside the tent. Turning to the incriminated officer he said:

"We have come through a thousand difficulties to save you and yours. Meanwhile you have been plotting to destroy us. Depart to God."

Saying these words, he pointed to a bough of a tree, where justice was done after the fashion of Judge Lynch.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Northern Man (down in Florida)—What's the price of that orange grove?

Native—Ten thousand dollars, mister. Had the consumption long?

"Consumption! I haven't consumption."

"Just weak lungs, maybe?"

"My lungs are sound as a dollar. I am merely looking for a good place to locate; doesn't matter to me whether it's north or south, east or west."

"Oh! Well, I'll let you have that grove for $250."—New York Weekly.

What Fogs Signify.

Night or morning fogs, or in winter persistent fogs, often signify a calm and settled condition of the air and the prevalence of fair weather. Heavy dews, especially in the autumn, likewise portend fine weather, but usually of shorter duration. Fogs appear usually in one of two conditions—either the air is nearly saturated up to a considerable height, or else is unusually dry, except in a stratum immediately above the ground.—Exchange.

Adulteration of Food.

The total food consumption per year in the United States amounts to $4,500,000,000. It is estimated that 2 per cent. of this is adulterated, or $90,000,000, of which 90 per cent. is harmlessly doctored. If the estimate be true, then there is an annual output of food containing poisonous adulteration to the amount of $9,000,000, while the portion that is harmless reaches a total of $81,000,000.—American Grocer.

Weeds That Travel.

The thistle and some other weeds have winged seeds, and these not unfrequently travel 300 miles in a day in a passenger car and by rail, are swept out at the end of the journey, find a suitable habitat, take root and grow. There are plants growing in Kirkwood between the railroad tracks which are only found in Kansas, the seeds being brought on the railway trains.—St. Louis Republic.

A Good Memory.

"How far back can you remember, Bobby?" asked his uncle.

"Well," said Bob, "I can remember when I didn't know how to play marbles."

"No further back than that?"

"Oh, yes; I can remember when I couldn't remember at all."—Harper's Bazar.

A Frog That Dies of Old Age.

A frog in Nicaragua, colored red and blue, fearlessly hops about in the day time. It has perfect faith in its warning color. No snake or bird will touch it, for it is disgusting to the taste, and the sooner it is recognized the better.—Catholic World.

Social Opportunities Are Equal.

There is no good reason why the mechanic should not play the piano or the banjo if he is so inclined; none why he should not keep himself clean and respectable and go into society; none why the doors of mansions should not open as wide to him as to the salesman in a store. If the daughters of Squire Tinsel look down upon a mechanic and smile upon a counter jumper, the former may console himself that he is no loser by the preference, and that he may save the money the latter expends upon concert tickets and carriages.—Oliver Optic's Letter.

Canine Endurance.

A gentleman farmer in Amherst county, Va., had two dogs that disappeared at the same time and in a very mysterious manner. They were seen one day chasing a rabbit. After that no clew could be found that gave the slightest intimation of their whereabouts. Day after day passed, and the dogs were given up as lost; but at the expiration of three weeks a negro came to the farmer and told him that a sound like the whining of dogs could be faintly heard at a point on the roadside where the red clay banks rose to some height on either side, just where a sort of blind ditch had been made across the road.

The farmer and his sons lost no time in providing themselves with picks, spades, etc., and repairing to the spot indicated, where, after listening intently a few moments, the sound described was heard. Then they set to work with a will and ere long came to the poor, wretched creatures entombed alive in a sort of hollow which they had dug in their frantic efforts to release themselves. With such energy had they worked that they would have succeeded had they dug in the opposite direction, toward the road, but they were digging all the time into the bank, further and further from the road, toward the field which stretched away to the foot of the mountain. They had been three weeks without food, water or light. One was never quite strong, and lived only a year afterward, but the other is alive, and is fat and thriving and frisky.—Philadelphia Times

Ferocity of Red Ants.

One evening I found that a countless multitude of red ants had collected about two trees close to my tent and were making a thoroughfare of one of my ropes. I thought it best to discourage this, so I got some kerosene oil, the best antidote I know for insect pests of any kind, and, dipping a feather into it, began to anoint the rope, thinking, in mysimplicity, that they would not like to cross the oil, and would be obliged to find another road. There was a perfect storm of indignation. They rushed together from both sides, and threw themselves on the oiled feather in the spirit of Meltus Curtius. They died, of course, but others came on in scores, panting for the same glorious death, and I had to give up my idea of dislodging them by kerosene.—"Eha," the Naturalist, in St. James Gazette.

Greek Architecture and Modern Genius.

We may as well concede that in architecture, sculpture and poetry the Greeks have not been surpassed by nations of modern times. But this concession covers only a small space in the boundless field of human effort. Within the inclosure of those Grecian walls that house our patent system are wonders that seem to belong to a different world and to a higher order of beings than the world and the men for whom Homer sang. We copy some of the beautiful forms of Grecian architecture, but we add to our buildings the results of ages of scientific progess. In heating, lighting, draining, ventilation, the elevator, and a thousand devices that promote comfort and enhance beauty we have made more progress in the present century than was achieved in all preceding ages.—New Orleans Picayune.

To Prohibit Mesmeric Exhibitions.

In different European countries medical and legal societies have petitioned the authorities to prohibit all public exhibitions of "mesmerism" by any person whatsoever, and to forbid the employment of hypnosis by any person not a physician with special knowledge of nervous diseases. The use of hypnosis by physicians should be limited to therapeutic purposes, or for the instruction of medical students, and as for these ends the lower grades of hypnotism are, according to Bernheim, sufficient, no injurious consequences need follow. For his own protection the physician should not use the method except in the presence of a third reputable person as a witness.—Dr. J. O'Connor in Catholic World.

Crushed Again.

The storm doors on the postoffice building open outwards, as all public doors should. Thirty out of every forty people who enter the postoffice, no matter how often they have been there, give a jump on the doors, figuring that they open inwards. Saturday forenoon a lady got out of a carriage and attempted to pass in by the inward bang, but it was no go.

"Those doors open outwards, ma'am," said a boy who was close by.

"Oh, they do, eh?" she queried. "Well, let 'em open!"

And she walked off to a lamp post box, deposited her letter and stiffly entered her carriage and was driven away.—Detroit Free Press.

Utilize the Housetops.

I am much inclined to the theory that roof gymnasiums, solariums, gardens and promenades will become a feature of the Twentieth century architecture.

What a wise use it would be to make of our flat and unpromising city roofs. Imagine one of our ugly and unoccupied roofs converted into a veritable garden of Babylon, where exquisite flowers would breathe their delicious perfumes the year round; where swimming baths, swaying hammocks and soft couches would alternately invite to exercise and repose.—Anne Jenness Miller.

Good Form.

It is good form not to mind if your friends are a bit shabby, but to be satisfied because they are your friends, and, curiously enough, although riches are appreciated, it's good form not to envy anybody their gold, but to make the most out of one's own possessions, and in the matter of costly banquets and rich gifts to take the will for the deed.—Exchange.

A Chinese Altar.

The chief joss in the Mott street worship house of the Chinaman in New York has a new altar and canopy specially imported for him at a cost of $5,000. It is made of wood almost as heavy as metal and intricately carved. The figures are in heavy gold leaf and crystal.—Chicago Times.

A Peculiar Ballot Box.

Probably the most extraordinary system of voting was in Hungary, where the ballot boxes were immense casks and the ballot poles from four to six feet long, which the citizen carried and deposited for his favorite candidate with peculiar pride.—Detroit News.

Ralph Disraeli, a brother of Lord Beaconsfield, retired at the age of 80, after fifty years of public service, from the office of deputy clerk of the parliaments, to whom he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield.

A LOVE BRIEF.

Give me short words and sweet—yet strong as sweet—
In which to speak the love I bear to thee,
Who art not slow of wit's keen sense to see
How in small coals of fire glows the white heat;
While, as in straw's tall blaze that lights the street,
But sinks at once to naught, small warmth may be—
So, what makes love of worth full oft shall flee
From large, long words where sense, like sound, is fleet.
Wide as the sea, and deep, my love I boast,
Nor gauge it by wild streams, that brawl and rush—
To flaunt and fling their pride forth in a fall.
And by my words, as types, I think that most
Its length and breadth and depth thy cheeks shall flush
With rose tints pure as thy sweet name I call.
—William C. Richards in America.

A New Sheathing for Ships.

A few years ago the Japanese government decided on lacquering the bottoms of all their iron ships, and the results proved that corrosion was most effectively prevented. The process does not seem to have been applied to foreign ships until about two years ago, when the attention of the captain of a Russian frigate was directed to it, and lacquer was applied both to the iron and zinc parts of the bottom. To the latter it was found that the adhesion of the lacquer was very light, but on the iron, or rather steel, it was found that it was in an extraordinary good state of preservation, so much so that it could not be stripped off except by being scraped with a sharp instrument, and from the experience thus gained it has been decided to substitute iron on the part where zinc had been used.—Manufacturer.

OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

A Negress Who Has Documents Showing That She Was Born in 1745.

In the northeastern portion of Dallas, Tex., between Bryan and Live Oak streets, and fronting the Houston and Texas Central railway, lives Aunt July Cole, who has but recently grown too old to take in washing. The cabin in which she lives is a rude hovel, and yet it is kept as neat as a pin. It is surrounded by a dozen huts of the same kind, though not so well kept, all huddled together in an irregular colony. The railway people have forced their right of way with barbed wire to keep the horde of pickaninnies off the track, but in vain. They crawl through the fangs of the fence and gather upon the road in such numbers that the cautious engineer finds it necessary on passing through Freedmantown to use both bell and whistle.

After the train had passed the other day The Republic man crawled through the wire fence, and with difficulty found the cabin of the "Ole Furginny Aunty." She sat in a low chair and smoked a blue clay pipe. As she raised her face slowly and her wrinkled features were first seen the writer involuntarily asked himself: "Is it alive?" When she spoke her tremulous and cracked voice increased his astonishment. But it was not only alive, but it smoked and talked.

"My name is July Cole," she said. "I belonged to Col. Cole in Furginny, and he fit de Britishers wid Gen. Washington. Norfolk was my home, sir; right on de sea. My mammy come from de Cape in Afriky, and my daddy went back dere. My mammy was named Lucretia, and was give to Col. Cole by Gen. Washington's lady, who had many servants. I was brought to Henry county, Tennessee, and sold to Thomas Waters. I had great-grandchillun den. After I helped to settle Tennessee I was sold to William Rabb for lan'. Mars Jef come to take me home to Tennessee, but ole man Rabb wouldn't let me go wid him. Den I lived on Rabb's Creek, below La Grange, Tex. I was took away from my husband and two chillun in Tennessee, and my ole man he run away and followed me till dey caught him wid dogs right on de banks of de Mississippi river. Yes, sir, right dar in de bed of de river, whar de hill is and de high trees, and right down by de boat in de dark—fur he was runnin' to git on de boat wid me. But dey caught 'im and I never saw 'im any more."

On being asked her age the old woman began to rise slowly, holding, in the meantime, to the chair for support.

"I doesn't know by de figgers, but I knows by happenin's," she said. She moved to an old trunk, which was covered with rawhide with the hair on and tacked with big headed brass tacks. From this she drew an old letter on blue paper, which she says was "de paper" given to Mars Waters by Mars Cole when she was sold. Only the lower half of the sheet remains, the other having evidently been taken off by time, and the only legible portion of the writing purports to give the date of Aunt July's birth. The only words are "was born Dec. 19, 1745."

The writer had heard that she was 145 years old, but of course he believed nothing of the kind. The appearance of the old negro and the evidence produced by her to prove her age were astonishing.

"Bey says I is er hundred and forty-five year ole, an', honey, I spec' it is so."

"What is your earliest remembrance, aunty? Do you remember Gen. Washton?"

"I never seed him," she said, "but I knows when he was general, and I knows when he was president, too. I heerd Mars Cole say when de tea was flung outen de Boston ship, I has seed de Tories, an' my brother was wid Mars Cole when he went into de war wid de Britishers. Dat war was seven years, and Mars Cole he got shot in de arm. I 'members when dey fit de French an' Injuns, too, sir."

It took quite a while to get all this out of the aged creature, who is very feeble. She had only one want—smoking tobacco—and that was supplied, after which the writer left her at her low, hairy trunk putting away her documents.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Love for Horses.

Once in the horse business always in the horse business might be put down as a proverb. I have known a good many men to get tired of race horses and sell out, but unless they sold out on account of age or infirmity they have always gone back to it. Look at Will Barnes. He sold his stables a few years ago and swore he would never own another horse. He is now in the market buying a lot of yearlings, showing that he means to stay in the business. I could name a number of others who have done just what Barnes has done. There is a fascination about racing that sticks to a man through life.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fred's Condition.

Little Fred came down to breakfast with the grippe in full force. "Bofe of my eyes is leaking," he said, "and one of my noses don't go."—Chatter.

THE VOICE OF THE VOID.

I warn, like the one drop of rain
On your face, are the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever
Baffles your touch's endeavor—
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.
I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unsatisfied guess
That, questioning emptiness,
Wins a sigh for reply.
Nay; nothing am I,
But the flight of a breath—
For I am death!
—George Parsons Lathrop in Century.

IT WAS BY CHANCE.

How a Favorite Soubrette Came to Go On the Stage—From Flower Girl Onward.

"Isn't it interesting to think of the slight incident in one's life on which hinges one's career?" said bright Nellie McHenry the other day. "Now, my being an actress is purely the result of an unforeseen incident. One day I was on my way home from school and met Bill Wiggins, at that time the comedian in Ben De Bar's theatre, St. Louis, and who occupied the same house with my parents. Said Wiggins to me:

"'Where are you going, little Nellie?'

"'This is a half holiday, and I'm going to play with some girls,' said I.

"'Were you ever in a theatre?' inquired he.

"'No; but I would like to.'

"'Well, come along,' he replied, and off we started to the theatre.

"It appeared that Mr. Wiggins was on his way to a rehearsal, and when we reached the theatre everything was at sixes and sevens. Feuillet's play of a 'Romance of a Poor Young Man' was in rehearsal, and Mr. Lawrence Barrett was cast for the head. The child who was to have played the flower girl had been detained at home because of the illness of her mother—both of us were St. Louis girls, it appears. Well, Mr. Barrett espied me standing at the entrance. Turning to Mr. De Bar, who was at that time on the stage, he said: 'Whose child is that?'

"'You've got me. I don't know. It struck me as she might possibly do the flower girl. The other child is absent, and I suspect she doesn't know her part, anyway.'

"I heard every word of the conversation, and observed Mr. Barrett nod his head, stroke his chin and walk toward me.

"'My child, can you read?' he commenced, eying me kindly and taking me by the hand.

"'Y—yes, sir.'

"'Well, come here and read this part for me, and don't forget that you are to read as though you were talking to a little friend. Never think for a moment of your surroundings, but put yourself in the place of the little flower girl. Now, my little girl, commence, and be as natural as possible. Remember, you are no one else than the flower girl.'

"So off I started on the manuscript, reading as naturally as possible, and using my best efforts to prevent my legs from trembling beneath me. Finally I mustered up courage enough to go ahead in an assuring way, and finished as proudly as if it were my debut, and I had finished to the fifth curtain call.

"Every one applauded, and Mr. Barrett patted me on the cheek, accompanied by a word or two of encouragement.

"'Can't you study those lines and come here to-night and speak them as you have read them?' he asked.

"'Certainly, sir.'

"'Well, you may go now. Study your part well, and come back to-night and you can act.'

"I can never forget how I posed over my part. Taking a position before the glass, with my part in one hand, the arm outstretched and the other as free as possible, I gestured and read and expressed. When the time came to leave home for the theatre I laid my manuscript aside for a few moments to snatch a bite of food. In those few moments the lines I had worked so hard on had taken wings and my memory was a blank. With the tears streaming down my cheeks I seized the little book, pored through it and soon had the part pat.

"I arrived at the theatre long before the time for the performance, and slowly went through the lines over and over. As the time drew near for the curtain and during the overture my heart, which had long before began thumping my ribs, continued to pit-a-pat faster than ever. Observing me standing and twitching nervously in the wings, Mr. Barrett walked slowly up and in his quiet and reserved manner said;

"'You need not be afraid to speak too naturally, my child. Put yourself in the place of the part you play, and if you ever adopt the stage, never forget this'—and I never did.

"As I was entirely ignorant of the time to go on, some one whispered in my ear in the middle of the scene: 'Now's your time, Nellie. When you've finished your part, turn about and walk off.' So on I went, and never faltered in a line. All the people in the company praised me warmly, and their encouraging words knocked all school out of me. Every time I saw Mr. De Bar—and I made it a point to see him often—my inquiry for a position in his company would be the first thing. His reply would always be: 'Oh, go home and grow, Nellie; you're too small.' At last the opportunity arrived, and you know the rest."—Boston Globe

Kind of Men Women Like.

Women like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe and do it with an amount of consideration that is a mental and a physical bracer up.

They like a man who can take hold of the baby, convince it of his power and get it to sleep after they have been worrying with it, and walking with it, until their eyes are tired and they feel as if they had no brains.

They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Education of Fifty Years Ago.

The treatment of boys at school is in every way infinitely improved, compared with what it resembled even fifty or sixty years ago. Early hours of rising—a boy of that epoch said that his idea of Paradise was "waking up in the night and finding that it was only 9 o'clock in the morning"—insufficient food, wretched accommodation and great severity were the lot of boys who were brought up even at some of our best educational establishments.—London Telegraph.

A KANGAROO HUNT.

Exciting Sport in Which the Country Youth of Australia Indulge.

Kangaroo hunting, for pure sport, forms one of the great pleasures of the country youth of the Australias, and in fact of most of the adventurous of the younger portion of the different communities. It is a sport requiring the greatest coolness and daring, if one is to gain the coveted prize—the tail. I presume the fox hunt indulged in by the Englishman or American has, though in a much less degree, the attraction a kangaroo hunt has for the average Australian. I suppose what makes the sport so very exciting is the danger encountered in pursuing the animal, the country presenting so many obstacles dangerous alike to man and horse, and the breakneck pace it is necessary to keep up to follow the semi-flying "marsup" until such time as he may become fagged out, when, like a lion at bay, he will fight till the last gasp.

While there is not any of the ceremony or dress incident to a fox hunt in chasing the kangaroo, there is no doubt it is fully as enjoyable, the necessary requirement being, if you are going to have any fun, that you can ride and handle a horse perfectly, have a fairly fast horse and two or more fleet dogs. A party so equipped will start from some given place and make for the nearest rendezvous or camping ground of the kangaroo, the object of the party being to get as near as possible to their haunts before being detected, all possible precautions being taken to make no unnecessary noise.

The kangaroos having a wonderfully keen sense of smell, should the wind favor them, it is sometimes not easy to get very near them before they are aware of their danger. Their sense of hearing being very acute, the least noise made the better. They are, however, a very near sighted animal. Immediately the kangaroos perceive in what direction the danger is coming from, if any, they begin to act in a manner worthy of the greatest admiration. It is exceptional to find them in groups of less than from twelve to twenty in number.

The young members of the group are the first to leave the camp, diverging and scattering in all directions. Next in order come the "old women," who get away and follow the same tactics last of the group to leave being the "old men," who remain as long as they think they safely can, and then scamper off, each one in an opposite and different direction, their aim for pursuing such tactics being to puzzle and outwit the dogs, which they frequently do. All this is done within a very short space of time.

When it is discovered that men and dogs have been perceived it is the signal to begin the chase. There is a rush, "pell mell;" the fun begins. Over ridges, down gullies, through swamps, creeks, broken country, rocks, etc., men, horses, dogs, go at breakneck pace, the point aimed at being to keep the "marsup" in the open country. Should he succeed in gaining the densely timbered forest, only the more venturesome follow. They are rewarded, however, by having fagged out the victim, and the dogs begin to enjoy their part of the play.

The kangaroo, not being able to run further, selects some tree, with his back to which he faces and awaits his foes. He has not long to wait. Your veteran kangaroo dog exhibits rare caution in conducting (for the kangaroo) the unequal battle; but the younger and less experienced brute will make a rush and try to grab the silent victim by the throat. He usually regrets his impetuosity, however, as those lower, powerful limbs of the kangaroo, used with lightning like rapidity and in terrible desperation, send the dog howling back with a wound that he, if he ever recovers, will carry the marks of for the rest of his natural life.

The dog who has been in a hundred wars or more will act in a very different manner from his younger brother. The point of the marsupial's anatomy he favors most is the tail, the object being to unbalance the kangaroo and throw him down; once they succeed in so doing the silent victim's moments are numbered; the throat is rushed for and it is good-by, kangaroo. Then the tail is taken as a trophy of the chase, and the sportsmen repair to their respective homes.—George Barrie in Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Where Sponges Come From.

The Bahama group of islands is the world's supply source for the cheaper grades of sponges. The industry brings to the islanders an annual revenue approximating $300,000, and is constantly increasing. Nearly 6,000,000 of the slimy protozoa, so soft, yielding and clean in their evolved commercial state, but so revolting in their habitat, are taken yearly from the Bahama waters.—Cor. Providence Journal.

The Right Kind of Man.

Women like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of candy, the last new magazine or the latest puzzle sold on the street, that will do more than its duty in entertaining everybody for the whole evening.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not So Black as Painted.

"I was agreeably surprised, Mr. Brief, at your bill."

"I'm very glad, sir."

"Yes; I was told you were a consummate swindler, but I don't think you are any worse than the ordinary bunco man."—Harper's Bazar.

A New Explosive.

Experiments with a new explosive called ocrasite, which is to dynamite as 100 to 70, have recently been made in Austria, and are said to have succeeded so well that the invention has been purchased for military purposes exclusively.—Christian at Work.

He Was in Luck.

"Have you got $5 in your vest?" asked a constituent of a congressman.

"No, I must confess that I haven't," and he turned away and felt happy because he always carries his money in his trousers pockets.—Washington Post.

The Last Straw.

Hitherto Patient Boarder—Mrs. Starvem, I can stand hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie I draw the line.—Harvard Lampoon.

It is said of Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of The Century, that he can reject a manuscript so gently that the disappointed author travels 900 miles to see him—and stay to dinner.

—A picture in your imagination, is of course, inclosed in a frame of mind.

—Aunt Keziah(severely): "So you're going to try the experiment of reforming young Scapely after marriage. Is he worth reforming?" Kittie (tearfully): "Well, he's worth a million."

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call at druggists, for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discoverd by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'

—While the modern husband has much to answer for, it can not be said against him that he ever goes through his wife's pocket.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

—Fortunes are made by taking opportunities, characters is made by making them.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold at Blery's or Thomas' drug store.

—Frugality does not imply parsimony any more than extravagance comprehends generosity.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Blery's or Thomas' drug store.

—What men want of reason for their opinions they usually supply and make up in rage.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need of no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt-rheum and other effections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malaria fevers.—For cure of headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and $1 a bottle at REBER'S Drugstore.

—An old salt who saw an incubator work for the first time, said it was the most wonderful hatchway that he ever saw.

From the Nation's Capital.

Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C., says the famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine and has no equal for Rheumatism, Neuralgia Sprains, Cuts, Burns and bodily pain. Price 25.

Consumption, are you troubled with this terrible disease, if so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Purtian Cough and Consumption Cure and be cured, don't delay. Price 25 cents, at Thomas' drug store.

—The is a different between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young woman, but sometimes it is a very small one.

I Wished I Was